

# The Salt River Journal.

A. H. BUCKNER, Editor & Proprietor.

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## Miscellaneous.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."—There has been of late years more ink-shed upon the "sphere of woman," than upon almost any other subject. In the discussion of this, as well as that of all topics, there are ultraists. On the one hand, we have those who would restrict woman entirely to the duties embraced in Shakespeare's oft quoted line; generous men who would have them aspire no more elevated destiny, than

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."  
Such mental tyrants would entirely deny to woman a soul of her own; and make her the mere shadow of her lord, moving only when he moves, subject entirely to his will, the reflection of his opinions, the mouth-piece of his dogmas theological, mercantile, moral, and political. Every man should, according to the doctrine of this school, be in his own house, absolute, "Sir Oracle," and the wife or the daughter who dares to dissent, to question, or to differ, forfeits her allegiance, and unsexes herself. A pretty province this, really, far "Heaven's last gift to man." Adam had been better complimented with the present of a "dumb waiter."

Quite as absurd, and quite as impracticable is the theory of the opposite school. According to the reformers of this class—more clamorous than the other, because more recent in origin, and more directly engaged in proselytism—all distinction in position, between the two sexes, should at once be effaced. Woman should be admitted to her place in the elective, legislative, and even the executive duties of citizens. We are not sure that, carried out, the principles of these philosophers would not entitle a woman to the privilege of a hangman's office even, did she covet it. All distinctions in society, founded on the mere difference in sex, should be abolished. Women should participate in all the public cares and duties of citizens. Our pulpit, our forum, our tribunals, our armies, our navies, should be thrown open alike to all human beings, under a decree of "universal emancipation." Strange as it may seem, there have even been some female advocates for this entire revolution, this—"abolition of female slavery." To the credit of the discrimination of the other sex, such women have usually remained single, or have at best found husbands as crazy in fanaticism as themselves.

Between these extremes, common sense leads such women as possess it, to choose a mean, and we are paying no mere compliment to our fair countrywomen, when we give them, generally, credit for both understanding and accomplishing what is reasonably expected of them in all ranks and positions in life. Still, we cannot help thinking that the reaction which is now going on, against the sublimated nonsense of female perfectionists is going too far; and that the shrinking delicacy which makes part of every true woman's character, is leading to the concession of too much. Disgusted with the examples of bold and shameless impudence which have been offered by certain female advocates for the equality of the sexes, many very fine and sensitive minds are running into the other extreme; and putting themselves too completely under pupillage and into insignificance. They are beautiful and lovely—and so is the modest lily. But the lily, though poets have exhausted their measured rhapsodies upon it, *ad nauseam*, is useless. Women may emulate all its desirable properties; but we should hardly desire to find them copying insignificance and insipidity as virtues.

We hold that women have brains; and, after the derogatory declarations which the forwardness and impertinence of some their sex have provoked from some of ours, women must allow that our concession shows much magnanimity. Granting them brains, we conceive that some use of that organ (or multitude of organs, according to modern philosophy) is not only permitted to them, but expected. If it was wrong to wrap up talents in a napkin, it is certainly wrong to wrap them up to rust in a coiffure, however fashionable or elegant. Ladies' heads were designed for something more than bonnet blocks, or they would have been made of wool. Woman's mind was intended for something more than the direction of her own personal adornment, else might the instinct of the mere animal have answered.—The proud and beautiful bird, who guards and

arranges her own plumage, does it without any aid from reason; and reason therefore were thrown away upon a being having no higher mental object than this.

The deference, the respect, paid to ladies of superior mind, whenever that superiority is not the waste and dangerous strength of uncultivated nature, but the result of proper discipline and improvement, may teach woman that man, after all the cant about the "sphere of woman," likes something more than a mere child and plaything. And on the other hand, the disgust which is excited by pedantry, obtrusiveness, and impertinence, should warn women of that dangerous extreme also. A pretty face will cover a multitude of disagreeables—but it is not omnipotent.

On the whole, then, woman is best as woman's own sense dictates. Let her innate sense of propriety, and her knowledge of nature, heedless of theory and of modern philosophers, be her guide; and there is little danger that she will fail to live happily and usefully for herself, and happily for those with whom she is connected.

Messrs. BLAIR and RIVES: Enclosed I again send you for republication, another editorial from the Journal of Commerce, a *Whig paper*; which shows the steady progress of our *Currency opinions*, with the most liberal and intelligent, even of our political opponents. Men are now beginning to assent to the truth of opinions, which, two years since, they would have put down by the sword and the faggot. All we want is *discussion*, a fair field, and bright lances.

## A SUBSCRIBER.

From the Journal of Commerce, March 14.  
REGULATION OF THE CURRENCY.

There has long existed an opinion that it is the duty of government to regulate the currency. The national government is called upon to do this, and the state governments have been called into help; and both have been hard at work, until the currency has fallen into such utter disorder that the workmen are almost ready to give it up in despair. The matter certainly could not have been worse if it had been left entirely alone. It seems to be generally supposed that if government does not provide a currency, there will be none; and that if government does regulate the currency, it will not be regulated or at any rate, that the regulation will be so very feeble, as to be quite insufficient. If men could distinctly see that the Maker of all things had furnished balance-wheels and regulators, which operate at all times, and in all places, and upon all things, and if they could understand that the power of those regulators is as much greater, and their operation as much better, than human regulators as he is greater and better, than men, they would be less alarmed about the want of regulation. The natural principles of trade are in fact incomparably more powerful than any machinery which can be contrived. They have triumphed in the controversy, and in fact demolished the machinery which was brought to contract them. If men were sufficiently observing, they would be willing now to trust to superhuman regulation. Now is a capital time for the experiment. The regulators lie broken on every side. Now let us try how things will work without regulation. Very little is now done by the banks towards regulating the currency. Through most of the country, they have been irresistible disorganizers. They have refused to keep their promises, and attempted to sustain themselves in that refusal by teaching moral doctrines utterly subversive of mercantile honor; and then they go to the Legislatures and ask special acts to be passed in their favor, legalizing their illegal and wrong conduct.—A plan which works thus is a bad plan and worse than none. The only true and effectual remedy for the evils of the currency is to be found in the repeal of all laws prohibiting the free use of money, and the formation of associations for banking purposes. Leave men free, and they will at once shape their plans in conformity to the public wants. A currency would then be produced just such as was wanted—simple, cheap, safe, and known to be so, from one end of the country to the other. The exchanges of the country are now regulated and conducted almost wholly by a few brokers. To them you can always sell any thing, and of them you can buy any thing. If you have funds in any part of the country and want them here, you can realize the money in Wall street in five minutes any day. If you have funds here, and want to place them at any other point, that also you can do in an instant.—The differences of exchanges, also, taking specie as the basis, are exceedingly small.—If your draft is payable in cabbage-leaves, each leaf to be called a dollar, it is not likely the brokers in Wall street would take it at par. But if it be payable in coin, the average rate of exchange will not be equal one-quarter of the expense of transporting the coin.—There is hardly a point in the Union where the difference between buying rates and selling rates is over half per cent. The immense exchanges between here and Europe are now altogether regulated by natural means, and they were never in better condition.

LOVE—"I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and indescribable beauty. On its brilliant surface were painted inimitable pictures of light and life. Graceful clouds floated in the bosom of its mimic sky, and a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of the most bewitching splendor. A creation as bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before, but a wave of the air broke the shell of its transitory and beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like the dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover, in the luxury of his visionary aspirations—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovered a long nourished affection to be mutual.

The moon as she rides on in the infinity of space has not a greater influence upon the ocean tides than the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down in a state of temporary tranquility—and now bidding it heave and swell by the magic of its viewless power. Without it what would be the world?—As a creation without light. Yet possessing it as we do, how does it decompose the soberest plans of reason—how the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath! It is poetry of thought when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be feigned, for it appears in a halo of soft and witching light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's-eye. It is to spirit what sunshine is to flowers, luring the fragrance from its bosom and bringing out all the energies to its young nature, or as the slumbering lute, passing over the silent chords till it doth 'discourse most eloquent music.'

"GIVE YOUR BOYS A TRADE," says the Maine Cultivator. Ay—ay—say we; always give boys a trade of some kind. Whether you intend them for the bar, the pulpit, the counting room, or any other profession which does not involve hard manual labor; still give them a trade. We do not mean by this that they should serve out a seven years' apprenticeship, at making shoes or mending wheel barrows, but that they should be made familiar with some kind of handicraft so that they may be able to earn a livelihood under the worst fortune that may befall them. Under our system of government, fortunes do not go down by entail, and they have a curious way of not remaining in a single family through more than two generations at most. The rich parent—and he is very rich, the more likely is the picture to reverse—need not calculate to perpetuate his fortune in his family; but if he wishes to give it the longest possible entail which is consistent with the natural course of events, let him "give his boys a trade," and let his girls take turns in the kitchen. Idleness is the great destroyer; and parents who accustom their children to it, are responsible for the train of unmitigated evils which always follow. "My mother learned me to work" was the remark of one of our Boston matrons, who had graced the first circle of society, whose husband was reputed to be rich, but who, in the great commercial pressure of '37 had in common with many others of his class, all the profits of years swept away. "My mother learned me to work"—and her face looked as happy and cheerful in her cheap lodgings, as ever it did when surrounded by the paraphernalia of luxury and pride. Such a wife is a treasure; but what would she have been, had not her mother learned her to work? The reader can see, even with half an eye, the principle that we are driving at.—[*Boston Times.*]

RELIGION ENHANCES EVERY ENJOYMENT.—We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting) which this world contains, are never fully tasted but by religious persons. Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never received in their fulness but by them; and why? because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence, and produce—but how degenerate is the production! Every thing that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy, without religion, has no heart-stirring powers;—life, without religion, is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no obstacle to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure are all enhanced by its possession.—Even in the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits in exemption from the low and sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings, which abound in it!

## AN INCIDENT.

AT THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.  
As related by an old Soldier.

At the battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement.

The British General had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road, by which the Americans were advancing. Gen. Harrison immediately took advantage of this, and ordered Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at speed by heads of companies (so as to expose the least possible front) pass through the open intervals, and form in the rear of the British forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion under the command of Lieut. Col. James, Johnson; his brother, Col. R. M. Johnson, at the same time charging the Indians with the other battalion.

It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command, there was a huge, long legged, brawney fellow named Lamb; he weighed about two hundred and forty pounds; was a brave man, and as good humored as big—brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse, by his great weight, and was mounted, instead, upon a short stout, wild Canadian pony; from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, while his bulky frame rose high above the beast, looking not unlike an overgrown school boy astride of a rough sheep.

When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took fright, and broke into a strain. Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost.—The little pony stretched himself to the work, dashed out of the ranks, soon out-stripped all his file-leaders, and pushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandary. If he rolled off he would be trampled to death by his own friends—if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him so far ahead of the rest, he must be killed.—Either way death seemed inevitable; and, to use his own expression, he thought he'd jist say something they could tell his friends in Kentucky, when they went home.

He stuck both heels into the pony's flanks and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove, some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swaying from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most portentous fashion—the little Canadian "pulling foot, all he knew how, his tail straight, his nostrils distended, his ears, pinned back, and his shiny eyes flashing from under his shaggy foretop with all the spite and spleen of a born devil. Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle, and roared out in a voice of thunder—"Clear the way, G-d-d-n you! for I'm a coming!"

To his surprise the line opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse, moving upon them with such furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command, and let him pass. So soon as he gained the rear of their position, Lamb rolled off on the grass and suffered his pony to go his own road. A few minutes more and he was with his comrades securing the prisoners.

SINGULAR LAWSUIT.—An English paper says that a curious lawsuit is now going on in Perth, in Hungary, between a butcher and a cattle dealer. The butcher had lent 1,000 florins to the dealer, who, some time afterwards, called on him as he was at dinner, and laid down a note for 1,000 florins, thanking him at the same time for the loan. The window being open, the note was blown by a gust of wind into the soup tureen. The butcher took it out, and holding it by the corner to allow the grease to drain off, it was seized by his dog and swallowed. Perceiving that he had done wrong, the dog absent himself and did not return until the evening, when he was killed and opened; but the note was, of course, by this time wholly digested. The butcher has brought an action for the 1,000 florins which the dealer refuses to pay twice over, considering that the note having gone into the hands of the butcher, he alone ought to support the loss.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—We learn from the St. Louis papers, that Mr. J. BOWMAN, a worthy citizen of that city, when on his return to his residence on Tuesday night last, accidentally fell into a cellar or excavation, about twenty feet in depth, near the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, on which a building was about to be erected; and was so seriously injured that he survived only a few minutes. The deceased was recently from Bangor, Maine and has left a deeply afflicted widow and many friends to deplore his untimely end. Mr. GLASGOW, the owner of the ground on which the accident happened, although in no way accountable for it, when informed of the circumstances, generously sent the bereaved widow five hundred dollars. The people of St. Louis have likewise contributed liberally to her relief.

The following is the conclusion of a letter from the Vice President to Lewis Tappan, of New York, in which he declines to present a petition, with female signatures, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It contains sentiments highly creditable to their author, and worthy of remembrance by those for whom they were intended:

If courtesy could induce me on a subject that could not become a matter of injurious notoriety, to present a petition from females, yet I should regard it purely as a matter of courtesy, and not of constitutional right. The rights of women are secure through the coarser sex—their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers. It is the right of a woman to maintain a modest retirement in the bustle of politics and of war. She does not appear at the polls to vote, because she is privileged to be represented there by man.—She does not serve on juries, nor perform the duties of the bailiff or executioner, because it would be a degradation of her dignity.—She does not take up arms and meet her country's foes, because she is a privileged character, and man is her substitute, who represents her in all these drudgeries. Every man is bound by the perfect law of custom and of honor to protect and serve her. This is the light in which the law of God places the woman. She is veiled and silent even in religious discussions; not because she is unworthy but because she is exempt from the strife of man; and it is her right to observe that retired modesty which renders her the object of admiration and esteem. In this respect the Constitution of our country is established upon the principle of the Divine law. If the rights of men are inviolable, they are of course confirmed to women; and the most dignified of the sex are the least inclined to meddle with public matters. I presume females who sign petitions would not consent to the publication of their names. I should be very reluctant to be necessary to an act which should, in any degree, cast a shade of reproach upon an individual of that sex whose modest dignity is the glory of man. Thus, sir, I have frankly stated my views in returning the petition, as I now do.

I trust you will not deem it disrespectful to you, nor to the ladies for whom you act.—Be assured that, for yourself individually, I entertain high respect; and could I serve you personally, it would give me great pleasure to do so. Though a stranger to the signers of the petition, I do not doubt the respectability of their character; and I deeply regret being requested, on their behalf, to perform an act with which I cannot consistently comply; but with the views which I entertain, I cannot better testify my regard for them than by returning the petition.

JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.—Walking the other day in the streets, we saw a little fellow fall on his face on the pavement, on which he roared out most lustily. Running to pick him up, we wisely applied ourselves to cheer him with the comfortable consideration that he would be well to-morrow. "Poh, poh, my little man, don't cry you'll not mind it a pin to-morrow." Upon which the young sufferer, surely unconscious of the sense and wit of his reply, said, with the tear in his eye, and the cry of pain hardly for a moment repressed—"Then I won't cry to-morrow." A discourse of an hour long could not better elucidate the subject.

A JUDGMENT OF THE BENCH.—At a late trial before a Justice of the peace in Mount Vernon, (Ky.) a lawyer who was concerned in the case had the temerity to call the Justice a meddlesome fellow and a rascal; upon which the dignitary arose, and taking up the bench on which he had been sitting, with a single sweep brought it in contact with the side of the lawyer's head, with such judicial force that the learned counsel was prostrated, and the trial finished.

The Hannibal Monitor, of the 13th says—"The large steam saw mill belonging to Mr. Powell was destroyed last night by fire. It was discovered too late to save any part of it. Fortunately for the town, a strong north wind was blowing at the time.

TO PREVENT HENS FROM SCRATCHING.—According to the Boston Cultivator, a farmer in Farmingham says he can prevent the scratching of hens in his garden, and has often done it by simply tying together two of the toes of one foot. Each foot has three toes, and the two outside ones of one foot are taken up and tied together over the middle one—thus the hen cannot scratch with the tied foot when she stands on the free one, and she cannot stand on the tied one alone, and scratch with the other.

The wife of a black man had presented her husband with male twin children. Meeting a friend, Sambo was asked if they looked like each other. "Yes, by Golly," replied he, "so much that you can't tell them apart; specially Pomp."

PECULIARLY AGREEABLE.—To find yourself married not only to your wife, but to all her relations for a hundred miles round.